Hotel Room, 12th Floor Norman MacCaig.

This morning I watched from here

a helicopter skirting like a damaged insect the

Empire State Building, that

jumbo size dentist’s drill, and landing

on the roof of the Pan Am skyscraper.

But now Midnight has come in

from foreign places. Its uncivilised darkness

is shot at by a million lit windows, all

ups and acrosses.

But Midnight is not

so easily defeated. I lie in bed, between

a radio and a television set, and hear

the wildest of warwhoops continually ululating through

the glittering canyons and gulches

police cars and ambulances racing

to the broken bones, the harsh screaming

from coldwater flats, the blood

glazed on the sidewalks.

The frontier is never

somewhere else. And no stockades can

keep the midnight out.